

Daily Eagle

A DAY DREAM.

There is yet a lovely unspoiled seashore nook in our ever altering and supposed to be improving island.

How tourists have even heard of it, and to prevent their encroachment upon its peaceful territory and breathing its refreshing quietude, the secret of its whereabouts must remain a mystery.

It lies in a tiny bay, all wooded down to the water's brink, with green hills rising at the back, and away to the right there is good cover for game in the thick half wild, tangled undergrowth, where the white tailed rabbit scurries about by hundreds, or sit sunning themselves in innumerable brown heaps of lazy luxury. A sudden land inland discloses a beautiful estuary, which winds its way among the foot of the hills, looking soft and silent, with scarcely a ripple to move its surface.

Cottages are dotted about here and there covered with roses and jasmine and clematis, and the gardens are filled with flowers. A picturesque old world house stands alone upon the rising ground overlooking the sea, sheltered from every rough blast, with oranges and lemons growing upon its walls, and myrtles in full blossom under its eaves like windmills.

From the hills inland, the view is pastoral and idyllic; there is a wood of tender green larches, with a background of dark blue pines.

Fields of waving golden corn, fields of emerald turnip and purple beets and mangels. Hedge rows festooned with wild roses, holly and ivy, and carpeted with primroses, violets and ferns.

Narrow winding lanes, all overhung with trees, with rustic stiles leading from them across the country, and in the distance lay a village, from the cottages of which the white smoke went up like summer clouds into the azure sky, the steeple of the old church was peeping from among the many generation old trees.

Capt. Bertram Berkeley, who was quartered with his regiment in the same county, noticed it while out sailing in the regimental yacht, and a tiny gem in its verdant setting, and a fancy seized him to pay it a visit.

There was not one of his brother officers of his own standing whom he did not prefer to accompany him thither, till it became almost a joke among them.

"My dear fellow," remonstrated his great friend, Herbert Falkner, "you should be buried alive in such a dull place; why, there can be nothing on earth to do there. Go, by all means, if you want a fit of the blues, but don't ask any one else to share your fate."

Well, he obtained leave of absence, and he did go.

They took him to the little bay in the yacht, and put him on shore with his small portmanteau, promising to return for him that day week, and sailed away again, laughing at Bertram's folly.

The first afternoon he enjoyed thoroughly. Everything was so new and bright and fresh and lovely.

He found a quaint ivy clad little inn, where the landlady was apple cheeked and good looking, and he entrusted himself for the week to her tender mercies; and having ascertained from her the prettiest walks, he started off for a round, inhaling the sea breezes with avidity, and ended his day upon the beach, where he sat till dusk, lazily throwing stones into the water.

That night he wrote to his friend: DEAR FALKNER—You were wrong not to come to this charming little inn and pretty bay. You had better join me. Yours, B. B.

But Capt. Falkner did not see it in the same light, and Bertram Berkeley remained alone. The day after he followed a lane which he had not noticed before. It appeared to lead up to the rough and tangled undergrowth upon the hillside, and he thought he might get that way to the sea.

Suddenly he stopped, for before him lay a house which was a perfect gem—a merry gabled, golden shalimar of considerable size, showing on all sides the signs of affluence. It was covered with rare climbing plants; the very air was redolent with the perfume of the roses of all sorts, which clustered in every available spot.

The house was rustic and entwined with ivy and Virginia creeper. The lawn was smooth as a billiard table and soft as moss.

The flower beds were filled with blossom, but it was neither upon house nor lawn nor rustic wall nor flower bed that his eyes were fixed, but upon the figure of a girl of some 20 years of age, reclining in a low garden chair, intently reading a book; and the more he gazed the greater grew his admiration.

She was totally unaware of his presence, and it was evident that spectators were not usual in that quiet corner, all among the trees and hedge rows and tangled undergrowth.

It was quite a surprise to find this little paradise of perfume there; as though some fairy had conjured it up with her magic wand, and the recumbent girl was fit for the princess in the fairy tale. She had masses of gold brown waving hair hanging down loosely about her shoulders and almost touching the ground, and the sunbeams were giving it their own bright shades.

She had evidently been out to bathe, and was letting the sun and air dry her luxuriant tresses for her.

Her eyes were hidden by their long fringed lashes, but the rest of her oval face was perfect.

In repose the mouth smiled with Cupid's bow in white; the nose was short and straight; the ear like tiny sea shells, the chin dimpled; the brow broad and white and intellectual, partly hidden by short curls, which the water had but made more wavy.

She was dressed in a plain white flannel costume, which clung to her figure and revealed the perfect symmetry, while a pretty foot in a neat black shoe and stocking was peeping from beneath the white skirt, and Bertram saw that the ankle was slender and the instep arched, and the white hands and rounded arms shown by her somewhat short sleeves were none the less to his taste.

Upon her lay a tiny Yorkshire terrier asleep, and she stroked it while she read.

"What a girl! A regular Venus!" murmured the watcher. "And has a mind, too. How attentively she reads!"

How long he stood regarding her he never knew, but it was, he admitted to himself, a considerable time.

She got impatient with her book; the author had not pleased her.

"Rubbish!" she cried; "sentimental trash!" and then she turned and looked at the picture of a girl in a white dress, which she had just seen in the paper.

"Sentimental, too," said Capt. Berkeley, "by Jove! she's a rare avis."

Her sudden movement had awakened her fluffy little dog, and he began to bark furiously, with a sharp "yap, yap," for he had at last found out the near vicinity of a stranger.

Bertram's goddess turned suddenly, and looked searchingly toward the spot where he stood.

"Heaven! what eyes! Blue as a sapphire in the sunlight, with black fringed lashes!" Soldier as he was, and courtier knight, he could see nothing but stare, dazzled by her unusual beauty.

A shade of annoyance crossed the beautiful face as she turned away and walked toward the house, fondling the happy little dog as she went along.

How gracefully she walked, with an ease and elasticity in her movements not often seen. He continued watching, but the white robed figure appeared no more.

His divinity was singing, and her voice was as sweet and beautiful as her face.

Why should we parted be, Kathleen Aroon? When thy fond heart's with me, Kathleen Aroon?

Why indeed! How he longed to go in and say all sorts of insane and impossible things to her!

He made a perch for himself upon an ivy clad wall and listened until voice and piano ceased; then he heard her call her horrid little dog, and she came to the hall door with it in her arms and kissed it and called it her darling, and the little wretch found him out again and began once more to yap like a child's toy, and ashamed to be caught watching her he hid from his hiding place upon the ground out of sight.

"Little stupid!" she said, looking around, "no one is there," and because the small animal wriggled so she set it down. She had asserted that no one was there, but tiny knew better, and having squeezed itself through the rustic work it vigorously attacked the captain's stockings, legs, for he had a shapely calf, and was indulging in knickerbockers.

The little brute "worried" him so terribly that he beat a hasty retreat and left it in possession of the field.

That evening he smoked profoundly, drawing at his pipe like a man in deep thought; moreover, a rare thing for Bertram Berkeley, he dreamed—and his dreams were of blue eyes and golden hair.

His first waking thought, was of the princess of the fairy cottage.

"She bathes," he said. "I will go down to the sea shore," and sprang out of bed and went without even asking for his breakfast, and regardless of the cravings of the inner man, he stayed on the beach till 12, but she never came. Hungry and dissatisfied he returned to the inn and ate his burnt up flannels, which had been waiting for him since 10 o'clock, and started for that narrow lane once more. This time he was not disappointed; there she was!

Her hair was plaited and coiled up, and she looked like a young queen, and in his mind he apostrophized her as a June.

He hid behind some thick shrubs, and prayed that his enemy might not discover him. A sun hat was in her left hand, and she placed it upon her head, and turning to a moving machine which stood upon the lawn, she set to work with a will to cut the grass, and the sharp bright blades revolved as the verdant waves flowed before her.

"Strong and muscular, too," he said admiringly; "no doctor's bills for her! What a wife she will make!"

The grass was finished and the bright vision vanished, and once more the thoughtful mood descended upon the captain.

He was up again early the next morning and down upon the beach, but his divinity was earlier still and was already in the water, dressed in the prettiest of French bathing costumes and swimming about like a fish.

When she perceived the stranger she swam behind a projecting rock and darted with wonderful agility through the wooded path up the hillside and out of sight.

"And modest!" cried Bertram, with enthusiasm; "I wish to goodness I knew her!"

He had his wish, in a measure, that afternoon. He met her accidentally out walking, and they were with her.

For once he blessed that dog. He started at a strong fox terrier, who immediately bowed him over, with the evident intention of making mince of him.

There was a grand opportunity! No one liked the idea of hydropophobia more than Bertram Berkeley, but he was not the man to lose such a chance. He rushed to the rescue, and administering a severe chastisement upon the bellicose animal delivered the small creature in safety to his anxious mistress.

"Oh, thank you, very, very much," she said eagerly. "It was so good of you to save my little pet. I am most grateful to you," and she raised her beautiful blue eyes to his face, while his heart beat with a heavy thud worthy of the Nasmyth hammer.

He was a handsome fellow, and she acknowledged the fact to herself as she looked up to his animated countenance—the clear, dark eyes, the closely cropped hair and clean shaven bronze face—save for the heavy brown mustache—the tall manly figure, and erect carriage.

"It has been more than a pleasure to serve you," he murmured, raising his hat chivalrously. "I am delighted I was upon the spot, such savage dogs out to be married."

He turned as he spoke and walked by her side.

"So far out of London such regulations are not enforced," she answered with a smile. "No, but they ought to be if hydropophobia is to be stamped out of England."

"I hope you have not let that animal bite you," she said anxiously.

"Oh, dear not! What a lovely little place this is."

"Yes, You are a stranger here?" she said interrogatively.

"Quite. I confess I should prefer having a companion, but I have enjoyed my stay here so far, they take great care of me at the inn."

"They are very respectable people," she returned demurely.

"What an exquisite little cottage yours is," he said, after a pause; "do you know I saw you in your garden a day or two since."

"Yes, I recognized you again," she returned quietly. "Tiny rather objected to you, but he did not know you would prove a friend in need to him," she answered with a sunny laugh.

"No, he was decidedly antagonistic," he answered, laughing too.

"Do you want to muzzle him?" she asked.

"I'm afraid so; if the thing is to be done at all it should be done properly, but if any dog in the world is exempted that one should be Tiny."

"Because he is so amiable?" she queried.

"No, because his mistress is," replied he gallantly.

"That was well turned," she laughed; "and now I must wish you good day; our roads lie apart. I am going home."

"You have done me one," she answered graciously, "and certainly have the right to demand one in return."

"I haven't a flower in my room," he said in a low voice; "many I crave one of your roses for my table."

Soon. She did, with the garden hose in her hand, and set to work diligently to water. Suddenly she turned and in the captain's direction, and kissed him through and through. Then, with a silvery laugh, quickly checked, she made her apologies.

"Dear me, Capt. Berkeley!" she said with much apparent concern. "I'm afraid I have sprinkled you a little."

"Sprinkled!" him! He was wet through; but he vowed it was "nothing," and that he "liked it," and she thanked him so sweetly for the bouquet that he was quite happy, only his happiness was short lived, for she had a pressing engagement and hastened indoors at once. He sauntered to the inn, and changed his clothes, then started for a walk, thinking of her.

A dogcart was dashing along the road, and suddenly a cheery voice aroused him.

"Hallo, Berkeley! Where on earth have you sprung from? What would you have expected you to turn up in this quiet corner?" and the speaker handed the reins to his cockaded groom and jumped down to greet his friend and old brother officer, shaking him warmly by the hand.

"I may very well return the compliment, La Costa," laughed Bertram Berkeley. "I have never once seen you since you left us at 'Gib,' two years ago; fancy my meeting you in this quiet place, when no quarters used to be gay enough for you."

"Ah! I've sown all my wild oats, old fellow, and married, and settled down into the bargain; and what's more, I don't regret it."

"Tant mieux pour vous! I fear there are not many such prizes in the matrimonial market."

"Can't say. I never had a bad opinion of the sex, as you are aware, and my wife has raised my estimate of womankind."

"Lucky man!"

"I echo your sentiment. I suppose you're still a bachelor? No one has made an impression on you, eh?"

Capt. Berkeley positively flushed under the brow, and thoughtfully pulled his mustache.

"By Jove! you're in for it," laughed Maj. La Costa. "Well, come and dine with us to-night, and I will introduce you to my wife, and you can tell me all about it over our cigar after dinner."

"What! you are living here then?"

"Yes! I have a pretty little box. Where are you staying? I'll stroll down and take you back in triumph; it will be quite a treat to hear all the news of the old regiment."

"I'll come with pleasure; I'm putting up at the little inn. What time do you dine?"

"At seven, and I'll fetch you at a quarter to, and with a friendly nod the major jumped up once more into his dogcart."

"Can I take you anywhere, Berkeley?"

"No thanks, I'll continue my walk; and so the friends parted."

Maj. La Costa arrived with military punctuality, and there was a strange smile upon his handsome face and lurking in the depths of his fine gray eyes.

"Are you ready?" he asked. "We must not keep dinner waiting—your cook is the last person in the world whom you should offend."

They chatted briskly as they walked up the lane.

"Here we are," said La Costa, throwing open his gate; "pretty little place, is it not? But perhaps you may have seen it before, in your rambles."

"You don't live here?" stammered his visitor. "I thought—I didn't think."

"Of course you didn't, old fellow; come in and see my wife."

Without one word Bertram Berkeley followed him.

Mechanically he hung up his hat in the hall, mechanically he went with him into the room, of which he flung open the door, with a strange feeling as of a sleep walker about him. It seemed to him he was having some unpleasant dream, and that he was spell-bound by it, that he could hear and see and feel, but that all power over himself was denied him.

"Goodness, here is my friend, Capt. Berkeley—Berkeley, allow me to introduce you to my wife."

The eyes of Maj. and Mrs. La Costa danced with merriment.

"I think Capt. Berkeley and I have met before," said the lady in a musical voice, and the music and words of "Kathleen Aroon" sounded fresh in the listener's ears.

"Why should we parted be?"

"Why, indeed?"

"La Costa, dear, Capt. Berkeley was so very kind, he saved my little Tiny from being hurt by such a horrid savage dog. I am sure, like myself, you are infinitely obliged to him. Dinner! thanks, the passages are too narrow for taking arms, we just follow the leader; shall I go first, and show the way? See what a lovely center piece your exquisite flowers make!" she waved her delicate white hand toward the bouquet he had left for her, which was in the middle of the well appointed table, which was laden with beautiful blossoms.

"Lawrence, was it not kind of Capt. Berkeley to send me such lovely roses, and all in exchange for a cluster of common roses; don't you think I had the best of the bargain?"

"Undoubtedly," he laughed, and again their eyes met.

"I do hope I did not splash you much with that horrid rose this afternoon, but how was I to know any one was sitting upon the wall? You see the lane is a private road, and no one ever passes this way, so I couldn't expect you, could I?" and she looked at him quizzically.

"Private?" he faltered, "I beg your pardon! I didn't know."

"Of course not, but you would have been very welcome, as Lawrence's friend, had I been aware of it, I'm sure, and I must make Tiny respect his protector. Lawrence has been a whole week away in London, and left me here alone. Did he tell you?"

"No," answered the captain. "I don't think he did."

He did no justice to the recherche little dinner, all he wanted to do was to escape. He knew that he had made a fool of himself, and was well aware that Mrs. La Costa knew it too; and more, that she had told her husband all about it.

"Well, now for your confession, Berkeley," said the major, as he lighted his cigar by that of his friend, and talked between the whiffs. "What is she like? Dark or fair, merry or pensive? Beautiful, of course, or she never would have attracted you."

FOURTH NATIONAL BANK,

COR. DOUGLAS AND LAWRENCE AVENUES.

CASH CAPITAL - - - \$200,000

W. K. CARLISLE, President; GEO. H. BLACKWELDER, Vice-President; GEO. C. STRONG, Cashier. DIRECTORS: W. K. Carlisle, Geo. W. Blackwelder, Amos L. Honck, E. T. Brown, R. T. Bean, J. F. Lauck, W. R. Dulany, Geo. C. Strong, N. A. English. CORRESPONDENTS: Fourth National Bank, New York; National Bank of Kansas City, Kansas City, Mo.; Bank of Commerce, St. Louis, Mo.

FOR SALE.

Improved and Unimproved City Property on the best improved streets in the city. Lots on the inside on street car lines and in outside additions. Suburban lots on the east side in Maple Grove addition.

Business lots and business blocks for sale at special bargains. Several fine tracts near the city for sub-dividing and plating.

Improved farms and grass lands in all parts of the county; also ranches in this and adjoining counties.

All parties wishing to buy would do well to call and examine my list before buying elsewhere.

W. A. THOMAS,

The Oldest Real Estate Agency in Wichita.

LARGEST SALES OF ANY HOUSE WEST OF CHICAGO.

LARGEST STOCK OF ANY HOUSE WEST OF CHICAGO.



B. COHN, 124-126 W. Douglas Ave. Wichita, Kan.

The best selling and the most popular brands in the West. COHN'S GIRLS has stood the test of time and has proved the best wearing cigar ever introduced to Kansas smokers. COHN'S BOYS are guaranteed to be a Genuine Long Havana Filler cigar and equal in quality to most ten cent cigars.

FOR SALE BY ALL DEALERS

Proprietor of the Famous Brands, HOME RUN, LITTLE GRANNY, VILLAR, CORONA IMPERIAL, HOO KOO, and many others equally popular.

R. E. LAWRENCE, Pres. O. MARTINSON, Vice-Pres. JOHN WATTS, Cashier

WESTSIDE NATIONAL BANK.

Capital - - - \$100,000

DIRECTORS

R. HATFIELD, JOHN KELLY, C. B. CAMPBELL, R. E. LAWRENCE, ROBT. TRIMBLE, M. STANTON, O. MARTINSON, JOHN WATTS, L. F. SIMPSON.

DO A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS.

H. McKIM Du BOIS,

ABSTRACTER

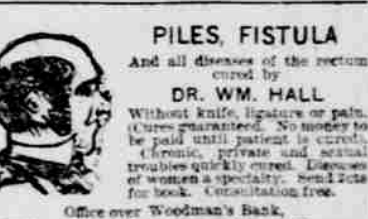
Keep an accurate set of books and am prepared to make full and

COMPLETE ABSTRACTS OF TITLE,

Of any property in Sedgewick county.

Office over 125 Main Street.

WICHITA, - KAN.



Office over Woodman's Bank, 161 N. Main St., Wichita, Kansas.

C. E. LEE, - R. E. VIELE.

LEE & VIELE,

Contracting Painters

—AND DEALERS IN—

Plate, Window, Ornamental & Stained Glass, and painter supplies.

Motor Line

ADDITION.

HENRY SCHWEITER

I have opened my office in the

Goodyear House block, where

can be found plans and prices on

my property along the Motor

Line.

Cars run regularly to the south-

east part of the city. Special in-

ducements offered to those wish-

ing to build a home.

Prices on Motor Line Property

reasonable and terms easy.

CALL AND SEE ME.

H. SCHWEITER.

California plums, green gages and

grapes at 30 cts a can at S. M. Supply Co.

147-48

First Arkansas Valley Bank,

W. C. Woodman & Son.

The Oldest Bank in the Arkansas Valley.

Available Qualified Responsibility to Depositors of \$540,629.99

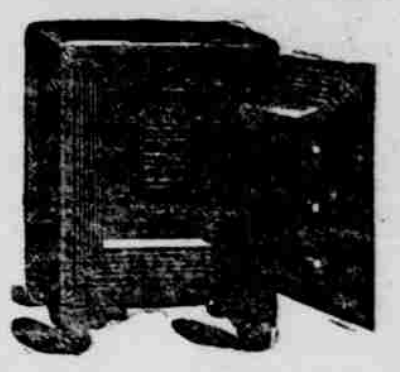
Do a General Banking Business in all Its Modern Functions.

Western Branch Office Mosler Safe and Lock Co. Improved Fire and Burglar Proof

SAFES.

Vaults and Time Locks.

144 Main St. CORRESPONDENTS SOLICITED. MOSELER, BOWEN & CO. J. F. GILLEN, Manager, Wichita.



J. O. DAVIDSON, Pres. C. A. WALKER, Vice-Pres. JOHN C. DENST, Cashier

CITIZENS BANK.

Paid-up Capital, - - - \$500,000
Stockholders Liability, - - - \$1,000,000

Largest Paid-up Capital of any Bank in the State of Kansas.

DIRECTORS

C. R. MILLER, A. R. HITTING, H. G. LEE, R. L. DAVIDSON, W. E. STANLEY, J. O. DAVIDSON, JOHN T. CARPENTER.

DO A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS.